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The World.

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SIDE LIGHTS ON THE NEWS.

As The Evening World took occasion to predict, a bigger man than old McKim has come to the front in the Red-Light Precinct and McKim's den of degradation and infamy is done for. It was the worst social ideal that ever festered on the fair face of a great city—as much an indirect disgrace to the moral sentiment which can overthrow a ruling political party in a day when it desires as it was a direct disgrace to the "higher powers that prey" on the vicious and fatten on extorted blood-money. The souls of the girls who were enticed to sin and shame in this infamous dance-hall were as well worth saving as those of "heathen" Hindoo or bandit Bulgarian, but the hands actually extended to reclaim them were deplorably few.

"Why do you run gasoline on your hands?" To make them white?"

It is worth noting that at the St. Andrew's banquet Andrew Carnegie confined his potations to Scotch whisky, homeopathically diluted with soda water. This was Queen Victoria's customary beverage after she abandoned sherry by the advice of her doctors—advice that doctors are apt to give at the first development of gouty or rheumatic symptoms. In the days before his greater benefactions had overshadowed his lesser gifts in publicity Mr. Carnegie gave President Harrison a cask of old Scotch that became celebrated in the temperance annals of the White House. Good Scotch diluted with carbonic water now has medicinal qualities ascribed to it greater even than those once imputed to Medford rum. Incidentally it renders the habitual consumer indifferent to the meretricious fascinations of champagne.

"Did he die hard?"

"Yes. He was the ossified man, you know."

Dr. Philippe Marechal, of Paris, says in The World that "heavy headgear has so reduced the brain capacity of the modern civilized woman from the type of three centuries ago that to-day

only the Polynesian race shows a smaller cranium." Yet the women of ancient Greece, who ordinarily wore no hats, are represented in contemporary sculpture with very small heads. The doctor also finds that long skirts have shortened woman's legs and given her the "duck walk peculiar to society women." Perhaps, to carry out the doctor's theory, it is the return to short skirts that has given the golf girl her graceful length of limb. She at least does not walk like a duck.

Dr. Marechal's investigations of the effect of the weight of hats on the head are of the lines of those of the London authority who recently attributed masculine baldness to the wearing of silk hats. This investigator did not venture, however, to show that they reduce the size of the head. The President and the only living ex-President incline to stonch hats, as did Gen. Grant. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. McKinley wore "stovepipes." So did Daniel Webster, whose dome of thought has never been equalled in circumference among American statesmen. Immediately after the death of the "god-like Daniel" a firm of parenologists published the cranial measurements of an executed murderer whose brain weighed an ounce more than the great Senator's, and who was not given to wearing high hats. His was a case in point to support Marechal's theory, but probably not one the doctor would care to cite.

"Where would you men be if it wasn't for us women?"

"Enjoying a comfortable 'I' rest instead of hanging onto a strap."

The Harvard athletic report for 1900-'01 shows a total expenditure of \$117,317 and a net credit balance of \$39,078. The time is not remote in Harvard's history when \$117,000 would have paid the salaries of all the professors in the academic department. The development of the university, great as it has been in the last twenty years, has not kept pace with the wonderful expansion of college sports. And as a

minor consideration, the treasurer of the football team gets a better practical knowledge of finance than the professor of political economy can teach him.

"And you'll promise to burn all my letters?"

"Certainly, dear. I'm just as much ashamed of them as you can possibly be."

It is said that during his latest professional tour of Germany Kubelik received many declarations of love and offers of marriage from his fair admirers every day. At Konigsgratz after his concert the students bore him in procession on their shoulders and deposited him on a dais in the public square, where he played to thousands. At Brunn a stranger, seeing the people in their Sunday clothes apparently celebrating a public holiday, asked the occasion of the festivities and was answered: "We expect Kubelik, our king of violinists." Young Daly, "the wonder, by thunder," of the football field, with a President praising him, will not be jealous of Kubelik, nor will "Young Corbett." Hero worship is the same the world over. The point about the present exhibition of it is that all the recipients are boys of twenty or twenty-two.

"The revenue officers came near raiding another illicit distillery last night, but one of the gang gave the alarm."

"A still alarm, I suppose."

When a football contest can attract the President and half his Cabinet, the heads of the army and navy and any number of lesser lights in official circles, and move them all to a high pitch of enthusiasm, baseball must yield place as the national game.

It is pointed out that the French soldier, with the abundance of marmalade, chocolate, figs, licorice and caramels in his rations, has a larger allowance of sweets than the soldiers of other nations. Sugar now ranks high in favor with military authorities as fighting food. An allowance of pure candy was added to the rations of American soldiers in the Philippines last year.

A Cup of Tea with Sue

"Could anything be more fortunate than to meet you here, Sue? I'm just dying to see you." The girl in the brown automobile coat beamed at the girl in the rainy-day costume as they encountered each other at the ribbon counter, says the Chicago News.

"Let's go to the tea-room and get out of this bustle. I'm tired to death selecting things to make Christmas presents," declared Sue.

"You poor thing! I always leave mine until the very last moment; then I get into a hopeless muddle and come down with a frightful sick headache and a cold and end up by sending little apologetic notes and cards, out of it. But, positively, my dear, I couldn't eat a bite of—"

"Just a cup of tea, Katherine; they make it so delicious here," said the other, persuasively.

The white-aproned waitress dropped a dainty menu card in front of each guest. Sue set hers aside and ordered a pot of tea with sugar wafers for two.

"I'm so sorry, darling, I never drink tea," Katherine murmured regretfully as she scanned her menu.

"Then you will take a glass of cream or—"

"No. Really, I'm not hungry. If I were they make the most appetizing chicken pot-pies."

Sue's hand wandered to her pocket-book repeating snugly in her lap: "It's silliness felt suggestive. 'Try a chicken sandwich,' she said, hurriedly.

"Don't you think they are inconvenient to eat? I wish I felt hungry, the pies are so tempting!"

"What's the matter, Sue?" asked the waitress, who had entered the parlor at home an hour later and sunk exhaustedly into a chair. "You look all done up."

"So would you if a cup of tea had cost you \$2.05, and you had had to walk home from downtown." She answered, savagely.

Roselle Knott, who is to play Josephine in "More Than Queen" this season, is a pretty woman and a capable actress. But she has set herself a hard task. To follow handsome, statuesque Julia Arthur in this part requires a deal of courage. If any woman on the stage or off can look a whole queen and a little coquette that woman is most certainly Julia Arthur.

Orrin Johnson, Annie Russell's leading man this season, was a Louisville boy and a clerk in a railroad office a few years ago. But young Johnson had a soul above yawls and a yearning for a histrionic career. Marc Klaw, who was once a Louisville boy himself, took the young aspirant and gave him his first opportunity on the stage. He engaged him for a small part with Edie Ellender in "Woman Against Woman." Johnson has since made rapid strides toward the goal of his ambitious hopes.

I met "Abe" Erlanger the other day coming out of the Holland Building on Broadway. Mr. Erlanger had the appearance of a man who had just broken the bank at Monte Carlo. There was a smouldering air in his left optic which betokened inward satisfaction. Mr. Erlanger and his partner, Marc Klaw, have many number of lions in the fire this season.

JANE GORDON.

CURRENT ANECDOTES.

(In the Prevailing Style.)

New One on Mr. Oldgold.

There has been much amusement in political circles during the last few days over a remark made by the Hon. John P. Oldgold.

Mr. Oldgold was about to enter the Plurality Building the other morning, when an intimate friend accosted him.

"Hello, John!" said his friend. "Anything new?"

"Yes," was Mr. Oldgold's instant reply. "I've contorted my face, looked up at the sun and underwent a strenuous convulsion. There is a sneeze I never got off before."

"This was too good to keep, and the intimate friend lost no time in communicating it to others."

One on Sir Henry.

All London has been convulsed with laughter over a story. Sir Henry Irving has just come out.

A dramatic critic, thinking to curry favor with the illustrious tragedian, called upon him one day at his rooms.

"Sir Henry," he said, "I trust there is no foundation for the rumor that you are about to retire from the stage."

"My dear sir," replied Sir Henry, in a deep bass voice, "I always retire from the stage at the close of the last act."

Dr. Stork Answers a Question.

The following is the latest bon mot of the Rev. Dr. Stork:

A friend of the regular pastor, meeting him on the street one morning, said: "Doctor, may I ask what you think of the Walker T. Bushington incident?"

"I think," said the eminent divine, with a genial smile, "a great deal more than I am going to say."

Having uttered this enigmatic reply he turned on his heel and walked rapidly away.

EVENING WORLD'S HOME DEPARTMENT

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.
How to Be Beautiful.

No Fee Accepted.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: I have been reading your book on beauty with much interest. I am a young lady of a slender figure, with a very high color and am rather tall and stout.

The Evening World places at the disposal of its feminine readers the services of a very competent dressmaker who will assist and advise them in planning new dresses and making over old ones. Address all letters on this topic to "Mrs. Louise, Evening World Home Dressmaking Department."

Dear Mrs. Louise: I have purchased dark brown crepe de chine, which I would like to make into a stylish visiting gown. I am a young lady of a slender figure, with a very high color and am rather tall and stout.

HAIR TONIC—Powdered bicarbonate of soda, one-quarter ounce; dilute of soda, also powdered, one-quarter ounce; eau de Cologne, one fluid ounce; pure alcohol, two fluid ounces; tincture of cochineal, one-eighth fluid ounce; distilled water, sixteen ounces. If the reddish tinge is not desired omit the cochineal.

Medical Aid Required.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: I am in great difficulty in breathing. My eyes are red and bloodshot and I feel a great deal of pain in my chest. I am a young lady of a slender figure, with a very high color and am rather tall and stout.

YOL should go to a physician, as you unquestionably need medical treatment. If you are not able to pay, go to a dispensary.

Make your own gown like the cut, the plait down the side of the skirt and both sides of the waist being one and a half inches at their widest part. The skirt is finished with machine stitching and panne velvet buttons. Make the yoke of pompadour silk and the vest of the same material. The hips are tucked and a box-plait forms the back.

You can clean your gray gown with gasoline applied with a woollen cloth.

Rip the accordion plaited blouse off your underskirt and sew it to your drapery; this will make the outside skirt longer. The lining can be lengthened with a side plaiting. Invert the box plait in the centre back, remove the cuffs and cut the sleeves up four inches in the centre of the upper; this will give you two square corners. Face them with either black or white satin all over lace and a yard of 27 inches wide will be required to make as illustrated; 2-8 yards 21 inches wide, or 1-1-1 yards 41 inches wide, with 5-8 yards of lace when one material, with contrasting cuffs, is used.

The pattern (Nos. 252, 22, 14 and 16 yards) will be sent for 10 cents.

Send money to "Cashier, The World, Publisher Building, New York City."

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MR. AND MRS. PUTTONTSTYLE AT THE GRAND BALL.

By T. E. POWERS.



The Puttontstyles attended the grand hop at the Highballed-Castoria. They are gradually breaking right into the swell set and no mistake. Think of it! Whirling away in the misty maze of the waltz and surrounded on all sides by a gushing throng of the swellest set that ever manufactured soap or piloted a canal-boat!

John W. Grates is seen getting up from a friendly poker game. Keene, Harriman and Morgan have just whip-sawed him out of a million, and now he is going out to sell some more wire.

There is some commotion in the ballroom. Mrs. Puttontstyle has fainted. She has just discovered that she has been dancing with the head waiter!

HIS BLUFF CALLED.

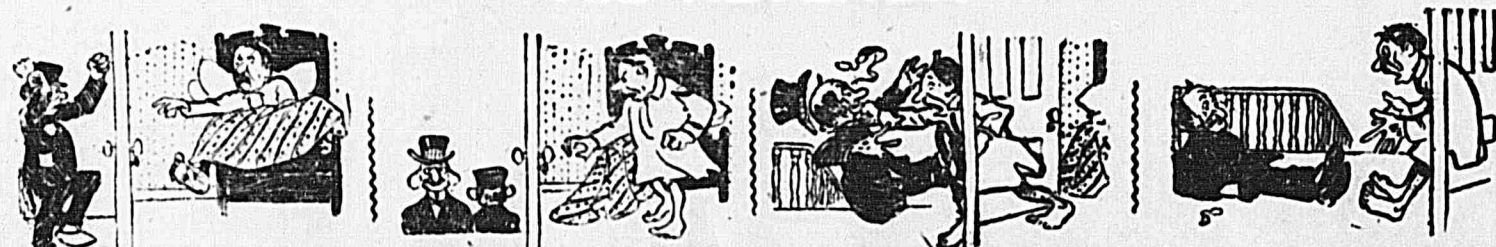


De Popp—Yes, Miss Scadds, you need not be alarmed. They wouldn't hurt any one. All dogs bite me.

"Come, Bluffy! Come, Tuffy! Go—boys! Go!"

"Help! Ouch! Pull 'em off, Miss Scadds! I'm drowning!"

HIS REVENGE.



Hotel Guest—Confound that boy! How often have I told him not to knock so loud!

"I'll just lay for him and teach him a lesson. He'll be up again in you!"

"But! You will hammer, will you? I'll leave my money to that bright boy I met on the stairs."

Rich Uncle—No, I won't again, and I'll leave my money to that bright boy I met on the stairs."

And then she folded her arms and asked me when I intended to leave the city.—Indianapolis Sun.

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